THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY,

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Written for The Lily

"NEVERMORE"—A FRAGMENT.

BY WILLIE EDGAR PABOR.

Nevermore! was the burden when the Lark his matin lay
Gave a welcome to the twilight—the harbinger of day;
And when her sable sister walked the flower-bespangled shore—
Echo caught the sound, repeating, love will bless me—*nevermore*.

When the hawthorn blossoms flecked the wold, he laid him down to rest.
And the fairies held meet conclave, as, with hands upon his breast,
With pallor o'er his features and a dimness in his eye
They heard his latest whisper and saw him calmly die.

They laid him where the linden tree its shadow threw around—
With sod upon his bosom and his grave with blossoms crowned,
In a valley dim and lonely and forevermore they keep
Quiet, holy vigils o'er him, as he sleeps the silent sleep.

HARLEM, N. Y., 1854.

THE POOR WASHERWOMAN.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"I declare I have half a mind to put this bed-quilt into the wash to-day; it don't really need to go, either, but I believe I'll send it down."

"Why will you put it in, Mary, if it does not need to go?" asked her good old aunt Hannah, in her quiet but expressive way.

"Why, you see, Aunt, we have but a small wash to-day; so small that Susan will get through by one o'clock, at the latest, and I shall have to pay her just the same as though she worked till night, so"—

"Stop a moment, dear," said the old lady, gently, "stop a moment and think. Suppose you were in the situation that poor Susan is, obliged, you tell me, to toil over the wash-tub six days out of the seven for the bare necessaries of life, would not you be glad once in a while to get through before night, to have a few hours of daylight to labor for yourself and family, or better still, a few hours to rest! Mary, dear, it is a hard, hard way for a woman to earn her living; begrudge not the poor creature her half dollar. This is the fourth day in succession she has risen by candle-light and plodded through the cold here and there to her customers' houses and toiled away existence. Let her go at noon, if she gets through; who knows but she may have come from the sick couch of some loved one, and that she counts the hours, yes, the minutes, till she can return, fearing ever she may come *one* too late? Put it back on the bed, and sit down here while I tell you what one poor washerwoman endured, because her employer did as you would to make out the wash." And the old lady took off her glasses and wiped away the tear drops that from some cause had gathered in her aged eyes, and then with a tremnlous voice related the promised story.

"There was never a more blithesome bridal than that of Adeline Relaigh's. There was never a maiden who went to the marriage altar with higher hopes, more blissful anticipations. Wedding the man of her choice, he whose love-tones had ever thrilled her heart like a music-gush from the land of light, he who was dearer to her far than her own existence, a young, talented, noble fellow, one of whom any woman might be proud, it was no wonder that morn seemed a golden waif from Eden. Few indeed have a sunnier life in prospect than had she. And for ten years there fell no shadow on her path. Her home was one of beauty and rare luxury—her husband the same kind, gentle, loving man as in the days of courtship, winning laurels every year in his profession, adding new comforts to his home, and new joys to his fireside—and besides these blessings, God had given another—a little crib stood by her bedside, its tenant, a golden-haired baby boy, the image of its noble father, and dearer to those wedded lovers than aught else earth could offer.

"But I must not dwell upon those happy days; my story has to do with other ones. It was with them as oft it is with others; just when the cup is sweetest, it is dashed away, just when the beam is brightest, the clouds gather A series of misfortunes and reverses occurred with startling rapidity, and swept from them everything but love and their baby boy. Spared to one another and to that, they bore a brave heart, and in a distant city began anew their fortune. Well and strongly did they struggle, and at length began once more to see the sunlight of prosperity shine upon their home. But a little while it stayed, and then the shadows fell. The husband sickened and lay for many a month upon a weary couch, languishing not only with mental and bodily pain, but oftentimes for food and medicine. All that she could do, the wife performed with a faithful hand. She went from one thing to another, till at length she who had worn a satin garb and pearls upon her bridal day, toiled at the wash-tub for the scantiest living. Long before light she would rise every morning, and labor for the dear ones of her lowly home, and then with many a kiss upon the lips of her pale companion and sleeping boy, start out through the cold deep snow, and grope her way to the too often smoky, gloomy kitchen, and toil there at rubbing, pounding, rinsing, starching, not unfrequently wading knee deep in the drifts, to hang out the clothes that froze even ere she had fastened them on the line. And when night came, with her half dollar she would again grope through the cold and snow to her oft times lightless and fireless home, for her husband was too sick much of the time to tend even the fire or strike a light. And O, with what a shivering heart she would draw near them, fearing ever she would be too late. It is a fact that for six weeks at one time, she never saw the face of her husband or her child, save by lamp light, except only on the Sabbath. How glad she would have been to have once in a while had a small wash gathered for her!

"One dark winter morning, as she was busy preparing the frugal breakfast and getting everything ready ere she left, her husband called her to the bedside.

"Ada," said he, in almost a whisper, "I want you should try and get home early to-night—be home before sundown, do, Ada."

"I'll try," answered she with a choked utterance.

"Do try, Ada. I have a strange desire to see your face by sunlight—to-day is Friday—I have not seen it since Sunday—I must look upon it once again."

"Do you feel worse, Edward?" asked she, anxiously, feeling his pulse as she spoke.

"No, no, I think not; but I do want to see your face once more by sunlight. I cannot wait till Sunday."

Gladly would she tarry by his bedside till the sunlight should have stolen through their little window—but it might not be. She was penniless, and in the dusk of morning must go forth to labor. She left him, sweet kisses were given and taken, and sweet words whispered in the sweetest love-tones. She reached the kitchen of her employer, and with a troubled face waited for the basket to be brought. A beautiful smile played over her wan face as she assorted its contents. She could get through easily by two o'clock, yes, and if she hurried, perhaps by one. Love and anxiety lent new strength to her weary arms; and five minutes after the clock struck one, she was just about emptying her tubs, when the mistress came in with a couple of bed-quilts, and saying, "as you have so small a wash to-day, Adaline, I think you may do these yet," left the room again. A wail of agony, wrung from the deepest fountain of her heart, gushed to her lips. Smothering it as best she could, she again took up the board and rubbed, rinsed and hung out. It was half past three when again she started for home—*an hour too late.*" And the aged narrator sobbed.

"An hour too late," continued she, after a long pause. "Her husband was dying—yes, almost gone. He had strength given him to whisper a few words to the half frantic wife—to tell her how he had longed to look upon her face, and how that till the clock struck two he could see, but after that, though he strained every nerve, he lay in the shadow of death; one hour she pillowed his head upon her suffering heart, and then —*he was at rest.*

"But for the thoughtless or grudging exaction of her mistress, she had once more seen the love-light flash in her husband's eyes, and he have looked upon her who was so dear.

"Mary, Mary, dear," and there was a soul-touching emphasis in the aged woman's words, "be kind to your washerwoman; instead of stri-

ving to make her day's work as long as may be, shorten it, lighten it.

"Few women will go out to daily washing unless their needs are terrible. No woman on her bridal day expects to labor in that way; and be sure, my niece, if constrained to do so, it is the last resort. That poor woman laboring now so hard for you, has not always been a washerwoman. She has seen bright, gladsome hours. She has seen awful trials, too. I can read her story in her pale, sad face. Be kind to her, pay her all she asks, and let her go home as early as she can."

* * * * * * *

"You have finished in good season to-day, Susan," said Mrs. Merton, as the washerwoman, with her old cloak and hood on, entered the pleasant chamber to ask her pay.

"Yes ma'am, that I have, and my heart, ma'am, is relieved of a heavy load, too. I was so afraid I should be kept till night, and I am needed so at home."

"Is there sickness there?" said aunt Hannah, kindly."

Tears gushed to the woman's eyes as she answered, "Ah, ma'am, I left my baby most dead this morning; he will be quite so to-morrow; I know it, I have seen it too many times, and none but a child of ten years to attend it. O, I must go, and quickly." And grasping the money, the hard-earned money that she had toiled for while her baby was dying, that when dead it might have a decent shroud, she hurried to her dreary home.

They followed her, the young wife who had never known a sorrow, and the aged matron whose hair was white with trouble—followed her to her home—the home of the drunkard's wife, the drunkard's babes. She was not too late. The wee dying boy knew its mother, yet craved a draught from her loving breast. Until midnight she pillowed him there, and then kind hands took from her the breathless form, closed the bright eyes, straightened the tiny limbs, bathed the cold clay, and folded about it the pure white shroud. Yes, and did more. They gave, what the poor so seldom have, *time to weep*.

"O, Aunt," said Mrs. Merton, with tears in her eyes, as, having seen the little coffined babe borne to his last home, they returned to their own happy one, "if my heart blesses you, how much more must poor Susan's. Had it not been for you, she would have been too late—the baby would not have known its mother. It has been a sad, yet holy lesson—I shall always now be kind to the poor washerwoman. But Aunt, was the story you told me a true one—*all* true, I mean?"

"The reality of that story whitened this head when it had seen but thirty summers, and the memory of it has been one of my keenest sorrows. It is not strange that I should pity the poor washerwoman—Adaline and aunt Hannah are one and the same!"

Modern Girls.—Sometimes we fear that our modern girls are not what they should, or might be. They are not brought up right—right as to the duties of home, of the head, heart, or those of religion, morals, etc. There is not reality, solidity, soundness enough about them. There is too much of the *seem*, and too little of the *be* about them. To some extent this may be true of young men. They, we confess, are no better than they should be—not a whit. Still they are ahead of our female friends, on the whole. Boys are better brought up, under almost all circumstances, than girls. This gives them odds in manhood. There is more manliness in men, than womanliness in women. Girls make more and greater mistakes than boys.

Really, ladies, you would do great service to yourselves, the world, coming generations, and particularly "us" corduroy element, if you would "introduce" a few reforms. Wont you?—*Sunday Mercury.*

Many a true heart, that would have come back, like a dove to the ark, after its first transgression, has been frightened beyond recall by the angry look and menace—the taunt, the savage charity of an unforgiving spirit.

For The Lily.

HARPER'S EDITOR AND THE WOMEN.

NO. VI.

We have a number of times noticed the dogma of our opponents, that God in his revealed will to man had prescribed limits to woman and her sphere, wholly inconsistent with the extension to her of any direct power in the constitution and direction of government. They seem anxious that the world should understand, that so far at least, the Bible, not only teaches the science of government and the method of the social relations, but claims for itself a monopoly which allows of no human interposition. It is no secret that many men as well as many women are so indoctrinated in such a faith as to regard even an investigation of the subject, a sacrilege. And we should by no means be indifferent to the power of resistance which that kind of superstition, superadded to ignorance, always presents to the elements of human freedom. Harper's Editor evidently understands that power, and hence by frequent repetition, constantly keeps it in sight. Through the whole article which we are reviewing, it is constantly thrust in as the trump card, whenever without it, he feared the trick was not his. It may therefore be excusable to again notice it, as it is only by continually presenting its absurdities, that its hold upon its victims can be relaxed.

Victims they truly are, no matter what form the oppression puts on, or what state necessity, or church expediency it assumes. The doctrine of the divine right of kings, of autocracy, of aristocracy, of master and slave, is the same and has been the same, whenever and wherever there has been a contest between freedom and despotism. Not only that, the language used to inculcate obedience is identical, or substantially so, whether that obedience be sought to Russian autocracy, Austrian imperialism, English royalty, or African, or woman slavery. Power and its instruments all talk alike glibly of divine and natural law and of disobedience, as unnatural, irreligious and profane. And all alike cherish the same devotion, impress the same superstitious reverence and find equal authority in divine revelation. Subjects, submit yourselves to your king; servants, obey your masters; wives, be ruled by your husbands, is the cant language of authority to superstition and ignorance, wherever those relations exist. And the warrant is as good in the one case as in the other. In each class of cases the theory is based upon the assumption that the Bible has taught the science of government; graded personal relations; fixed this one up and that one down; enclosed each class of individuals by certain lines, and prescribed for every one the exact round and number of their daily steps from birth to death, with no chance of improvement, or liberty of deviation.

The same class of men once claimed also, that the Bible taught all the other sciences as far as man had right to know, as for instance, astronomy, anatomy and physiology. The pioneers in all the sciences have had to run the gauntlet, always exposed to the scowls and frowns, and sometimes the fires and faggots, of ignorant despots and mitred priesthoods. Civilization in its most sunny spots has not yet fully emerged from the umbra of that darkness. It is not difficult to find the otherwise intelligent, with whom, social science, political science, the science of geology, phrenology, ethnology and perhaps some others, are still felt to be subject to the pragmatic disposition of Sessions and Synods. American men and women regard with sympathetic surprise the humble mental and moral condition of the degraded serf, who yields life and liberty and all he has to his exacting fully master, because he believes that Heaven has so decreed, and that an infraction of such decree on his part, would expose him through countless ages to unheard of tortures. The surprise is natural, and the sympathy commendable. But let us have one moment's reflection. We regard the manifestoes of the Russian Nicholas, in which he assumes to impersonate Deity in all he says and does, with feelings mingled of wonder and disgust, at the cool impudence and blasphemy of the man and the miserable credulity of his subjects. But wherein is there substantial dissimilitude, so far as the rule of sovereignty is concerned, between one of those manifestoes and the article we are reviewing? Or, the general tone of Russian imperialism and marital authority?

The Editor proclaims the faith that woman's position in society has been fixed by the revealed laws of the Creator. The Czar announces such a rule as to both man and woman. The Bible sustains the one just as well as the other. Each is equally unnatural and equally monstrous, differing only in practical extent. They would both make out that the chief design and end of Christianity was to stop all progress—all improvement—and keep everything just in the same state and condition as when it was first promulgated. If that was the purpose, its practical workings have sadly failed.

It is not a disputable fact that Christianity found the world depressed to the lowest possible degree of ignorance and barbarity; its men and women overwhelmed with the absolute despotism of Rome and its satraps; individual rights recognized no where, and individual wrongs held at a premium everywhere. In the face of all this power and superstition and ignorance, Christ taught the poor fisherman that he had a soul, and the masses, that the personal elements of character, and not station, made up the man. Here was individualism and democratic equality, utterly in conflict with all the accepted and established notions. Emperors and Tetrarchs, and centurions and their minions, the Pagan and Jewish priesthoods, at once took alarm at a "movement so decidedly infidel" and revolutionary. Therefore every man who had the temerity to adopt, or even favor such a notion, was thrown to the wild beasts for the amusement of the pious gentlemen, burned at the stake, or nailed to the cross. But all this array of power and cruelty could not arrest the progress of an idea which had so much of common-sense and personal commendation to recommend it. They then changed their tactics. They did before what had, and since often has been done, under similar contingencies: When they found that the movement would not down at their bidding, they down to that, by formally joining it, trusting, through their devices and appliances of power, to prostitute to their own selfish ends, a religion, which from such an humble origin had so soon become potent and dangerous to established empires. Their gods of wood and stone were necessarily left out of the procession. But the forms and superstitions, the ideas and dogmas of the past, were brought along and forced in, much as they could be. From the fisherman's rude hut—from the banks of the rivers—and the groves of the plains—from the temples of God—religion was tranferred to temples built by human hands. From the abode of humble hearts, it was embraced within the slimy coils of that power which from a factitious elevation looked down upon and claimed to own all the cities and places of the earth. From the simple devotions and teachings of its primitive disciples, it was now heralded to the world with all the noise and pomp and circumstance of power. For a time, the alarm of the oppressors passed away. They supposed they had obtained the Son of Nazareth and the bastard daughter of Pagnism to lie down together, and that the offspring could but be the whoreson of despotism. They became oblivious, that though nominally joined, they were anti-polar to the religion itself; or, if not oblivious, they felt that its character was within their meretricious influence. But ever since, there has every now and then been an upheaving of the masses—an exhibition of the workings of that equalization which cannot be kept down by the superincumbent pressure of human despotism; a continued revolutionary progress, which pays no respect to sex or caste; an onward march, which overwhelms all who neglect to look out for the engine when the bell rings. The woman's rights agitation is among such results. It meets the same kind of opposition, from the same Pagan and Pharisaical source, in the same Pagan and Pharisaical manner; and it needs no prophetic ken to divine that the end will be the usual Pharisaical overthrow. The pious efforts of Harper's priestly Editor are in character—only the gnashing of teeth and the howl of despair, common to the dying bed of expiring fogyism.

Senex.

AN INCIDENT.

BY MRS. FRANCES DANA GAGE.

It was a hot, dusty day in July: the thermometer stood at 100 degs. in the shade. The city seemed like one vast oven sending out its heat from brick walls, slated roofs and stone pavements. The sun had reached its meridian and began to decline. The fashionables were about comforting the inner man with the luxuries of life; the middling classes of leisure were taking their siesta; the mechanics and trades-people had returned to their shops, and few people were in the streets save the porters, draymen, beer-peddlers, ice-mongers, and here and there a sweaty laborer, or a crouching woman hurrying on with faces reeking with perspiration and toil.

I was lying half-asleep, half-awake, pondering why it was that people for the sake of gain, to heap together sordid dust, would so sacrifice comfort, health, and too often virtue and happiness, by living in great cities.

"Oh, my God!" came to my ear in tones of distress from the street below. I was sick—I had thought too sick to rise; but I forgot myself and my nightcap, and soon had my head out of the window. Immediately below me was the struggling form of a stout laborer in his shirt-sleeves, endeavoring to rise from a prostrate position. Blood was flowing in streams from his temple and face. At that moment a drayman stopped his mules and drew near, asking in a surly tone how it happened.

"I tripped my, foot, and fell agin' this sharp stone,"—said the wounded man—interlarding with coarse oaths his broken sentence.

"Let whiskey alone next time," said the other with a laugh that indicated as little sensibility as the long-eared beasts he drove, and cracking his whip he passed on. The wounded man had gained his feet, and such a volley of curses as were poured forth I have seldom heard—would that I might never hear again. One or two other men came along, spoke roughly and insultingly to their bruised and broken fellow-man, laughing coarsely because he was drunk.

For a moment he staggered back and forth, and then fell heavily again on the rough stone with a cry for help and a heart-rending groan. I could not go to him, and was about to raise my woman's voice to implore some of these men, "passing by on the other side," to act the part of the good Samaritan, when a new apparition appeared and stilled my outcry. Dodging round the corner came a boy with a white wash-bowl in his little hands and set it down by the drunken, swearing sufferer.

"Bathe yourself in the cold water," said the boy in gentle tones, "it will stop the blood;" and his tiny hands profusely splashed the water over the wounds.

"Thank ye—thank ye; God bless your young life!" said the man as he lifted himself upon his elbow, and plunged his swarthy, toil-worn arm in the bowl. The little one ran to the door—

"Mary! Mary, here is a man hurt—bring out a bandage to put round his head—poor man! he's most killed. Hurry Mary," and back he fled to the side of the fallen.

Just then a young girl in her simple lawn came out with bold step, and advanced to the man. With unshrinking hands she bathed away the blood from his face, bound up his wounds, cooled his fevered head and assisted him to rise. In all this time no word of cursing or profanity escaped his lips; taunts had called out his heart's bitterness—words of kindness turned them ere they fell into blessings on the heads of the pair who had thus come to his succor.

Presently one came along, either more humane than his fellows, or ashamed to pass by while this fair young girl stood in the burning sun. He paused, enquired into the case, and proffered to take the man home under his umbrella. Loss of blood and cold water had sobered him, and he could now walk. They turned a corner and were gone, and the young angels of mercy lost to my sight—but not till I had heard the voice of a proud beauty from a neighboring window crying out disdainfully and coldly, "What's the use, Mary? He'll never thank you! I'd let him lay there."

"He's a *man*, Helen," was the calm reply, "and I shall get my thanks from my own heart."

"Suppose your father or mine should get sunstruck," said little Frank, "and fall, and get hurt somewhere on some corner, wouldn't we want somebody to help them?"

The door closed and I heard no more. They were all gone—the drunken victim of yonder licensed den of perdition—his cold mockers—the kind-hearted boy, and the fairy maiden, and the voice from above—all was silent, and no vestige remained of the late scene or its *dramatis personæ*, save a pool of blood coagulating upon the sidewalk. I closed my blind, clasped my aching head between my feverish palms, and sank down—not to dream, but to think.

And here was food for a volume of thought in this every day, commonplace incident. How came that once strong, brave man drunk? His frame was stalwart, his muscles seemed firm, and his age and whole appearance betokened a hardy son of toil. His face told of kindliness of heart, his high brow of benevolence and good feeling—how came he drunk? Where did he get the liquor? Of a sober man, who with cool, calm deliberation gave him for a dime, or half-dime, this hot, fearful day, that which would make him mad, that which he knew would render him more liable to the sun-stroke, more liable to an attack of cholera, would surely deprive him for hours of his reason, his limbs, of the power of labor and his heart of its truer and better sympathies. Why does this man this fearfully wicked deed? Because through long years of habit and use he has grown to think he has a right to do so. He turns to the city Council—the wise men selected to rule the people—and asks them if he has not a right—and they answer "certainly, we gave you that right under the law of the land."

And who made this Council the dispensers of privileges, of special indulgencies to do evil? THE PEOPLE. And who are the *people*? "Every free, white *male* citizen, over 21 years of age, who has resided in the State" a certain length of time. Who made the laws? Representatives elected by these same people. What excuse do these people give for electing men who will make such laws? Oh! they are laws they want made. *Men* must have the right to do as they please. Men need grog shops—they must have them—it would infringe upon a man's liberty not to allow him in the weakness of his nature to make a beast of himself—and so the law not only gives him liberty, but sanctions and provides a place where he may go, not only of his own free will, but it makes a pander to hunt him up, coax him in and make a madman of him, if it be possible. Then these same people have prepared a Calaboose for him when he is made mad—policemen to put him there, judges and jurors to try him for his madman's deeds, and a House of Correction to send him to, to mend his ways; and when his ways are mended he is let out—set at liberty to run the same fearful round again! Is not this a beautiful system of morality?

And who makes the morals of these people—the free white male over 21 years—the only *recognized* people of the State? *Their mothers*. Listen to the echoes of that answer as it comes to us from every pulpit, lecture-room and press of the land—"*Woman's influence* makes the morality of these people"—woman, the wife and mother who is to submit to the will of these people in all things; she who is to be the victim of this madman's rage—she whom this people will not allow to be educated—she who is made by custom physically weak, she who is taught to be morally submissive, she who is forbidden to meddle with politics, and must not dare to know the law, she who is told that God made her inferior to these people, mentally and physically, *she* is to become the moral Hercules who is to counteract all this fearful array of evils! The drunken father may infuse into the body and brain of his offspring his own depraved appetites, his own unbalanced mind, but *woman* must see to it that she, with tied hands and chained tongue, purifies body and brain, makes them so holy that when her child goes forth into the world, not all the lures and temptations that the people, the law, and the rulers place before him—not even the example or precept of his father, the master, the ruler, the Head of this woman, shall be able to lead him from the path of duty! But she must not follow her child into these haunts of the People. Though the father take him there before the blush of childhood's morn has left his cheek, it would be indelicate for her to go; but he, her boy, he, her husband, her master, may go, and breathe in contamination till their whole souls are reeking with pollution, and yet return fit companions for her at home—aye, come reeking from the brothel, or those breathing-holes of Hell, the rum-shops, and entering that beautiful sanctuary that poets write of, and orators grow eloquent over, the Home, pour out their vileness in wild madness, coarse profanity, or beastly obscenity to the mother, wife and daughter! But they must be patient, and by smiles and love bring back the wanderer to virtue. Such is the present system of morality in this proud land.

How long will it take woman to redeem humanitr—for the inferior to lift the superior into newness of life? God sent a Christ to redeem the world. The hand that was to rescue was let down from above; but our wise ones tell us that humanity *must be lifted up by inferiority!—boosted* into heaven by those born of God to be ruled. Can it ever be done? Never!

But why did that drunken man cease his profanity before that fair girl, and that gentle boy? Because they came to him in kindness, they staid not for his wrath, they subdued the evil within by good. But when he had passed from their presence would his tongue still speak gently? No—and such is woman's boasted influence; scarce reaching to the parlor door, or around the corner of the street. Beautiful it is even in its minuteness, shadowing the great power which shall be hers when her hand shall be trained to strength and her heart to firmness; when she shall come forth redeemed from the power of unjust and selfish laws and evil customs, and take her place which God designed as the helpmeet for man—not a helpmeet for his unnatural wants, to bind up the bruises of his drunkenness, and to watch the sick-bed of his depravity; but a helpmeet at all times—in great duties as well as in little—in life's sterner trials as well as its trivial cares—in the great household of the government as well as in the fireside circle. Then will she teach her sons that morality and goodness have no sex, virtue and vice no classes, and justice and mercy no favorites in humanity. Then, and not till then, will humanity be redeemed.

For The Lily.

HOME MUSINGS.

Woman by the combination of her physiological constitution is more susceptive of religious impressions, more temperate, more chaste, more loving, more constant in her attachments than men. These are the elements that purify, refine and exalt society. In fact they are the very cords and ligaments that bind society together, without which it could not exist in a very high degree. And now the question very naturally arises, In what way can these elements be brought to act most directly upon society? Is it done by denying to woman the right of education—the rights of a political or religious existence, for her voice has been equally hushed in Church and State, or by confining her to the kitchen or the nursery, or by rigging her up like a doll to be placed in the parlor or harem, just to gratify the sensual desires of man?

In order to test the purifying, refining and exalting influence of the feminine principle upon society, it must be felt at the ballot-box, at the forum, in the pulpit, in the halls of legislation, at the bench of the judge, the jury-box, as well as at the fireside of the cabin and the sick-bed of the patient. It must be as universal as the regions of space—expansive as the light of heaven, and free as the mountain breeze. Then would love and wisdom act in harmonious concert, and the heavenly marriage be consummated upon earth.

W. E. E.

☞Barnum entertained thirty newspaper editors at Iranistan the other day. At the bottom of the bill of fare was the following line: "For Wines and Liquors, see next page.

THE LILY.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO, AUGUST 15, 1854

SONS OF TEMPERANCE, AGAIN.

Mr. Bailey, of the *Teetotaller*, takes us to task very severely for advising the women not to accept of membership in the Order of Sons of Temperance on the terms proposed by the National Division. He says our article "lacked candor and was a prejudiced, one-sided and false view of the matter." He denies that it is the intention of the Sons to "assess any admission fee upon their lady guests." This may be true, but it is not so understood by the Sons in this section. We cannot now lay our hands on the published report of the National Division on this subject, but if we mistake not, it says that women are to be proposed and initiated in the same manner as other members. We certainly came to this conclusion from reading it, and from knowing that the matter was so understood by at least a part of the "Sons." But Mr. Bailey tells us differently. He says "They are invited in as *visiting members*, and welcomed to all the *secrets* of the Order without money and without price." What condescension! If there are any weak-minded women who want to join the Order they will be glad to learn that they can do so on such easy terms.

Mr. Bailey "frankly admits that on the score of *rights* the sexes are not equal." But he thinks a Division can, *by courtesy*, extend to any of these "visiting members," who are "*not entitled to speak or vote*," the privilege of unburthening herself of "any message of mercy or burthen of woe which she has to communicate." Mr. Bailey knows well that it was not the intention of the Division who passed the rule admitting women to membership, to allow of their speaking in the meetings or taking any part in their deliberations and business. We based our remarks on this fact. We did not stop to ask what might be done by "*courtesy*," but looked at what was denied or withheld as a *right* by those who made the rule.

And it is by no means so certain as Mr. Bailey seems to suppose, that even this courtesy would be shown to woman in their halls. This would depend altogether on the kind of men who composed the Division. Every Division and Society has connected with it a greater or less number of old fogies who think it an "abomination" for woman to speak in the presence of men; and these would ever be ready to rise to points of order and to call in question the right of lady members to a hearing. No matter how large a majority was in favor of hearing a lady—no matter though the presiding officer should decide that she had the floor and should be heard, these fogy members would raise a disturbance and create such confusion as would silence her and compel her to take her seat. We need only point Mr. Bailey to the meeting of the old State Society at Syracuse two or three years ago, and to the more recent mis-called World's Convention held last fall at New York city, as evidence of the courtesy shown to woman by men who do not recognize her right "to speak or vote." Woman has no surety that she will not be treated with disrespect and open insult should she attempt to speak in meetings where her equal right to be heard is not recognized. The *courtesy* of all men is not to be relied on, and woman should not trust to the assertions of Mr. Bailey, and those of like stamp, that the courtesy of the Sons towards the Sisters will be unlimited, so long as the Division feels it necessary to establish a rule which says she "shall not be entitled to speak or vote." This rule was established, as is well known, by men who are opposed to women taking any public stand in favor of the cause of temperance. Not wishing to be entirely outstripped by organizations of more recent origin in which woman's rights are recognized and respected, and yet being unwilling to admit her to an equality of rights and privileges with themselves, they doubtless thought to conciliate those of their own sex who demanded woman's admission to membership with them, by adopting this half-way measure, of letting her come in and look at them, while they laid an injunction on her to prevent her wandering out of her sphere, or unsexing herself by letting her voice be heard or by dropping a ball in the ballot box.

It may be that the Sons' halls will be crowded with lady members—but we doubt it. In these days, when there are societies that consider it a favor—a matter of pride to have women unite with them and take part in *all* their doings—in these days, when women are everywhere taking a public part on the great subject of temperance, no woman will be likely to feel very highly honored by being permitted to join the Sons, or flattered by the courtesy that extends to her the *privilege* of uttering a few words in their presence. There are Halls more inviting—where the company is more agreeable—where there is more cordial good feeling and respect—more sympathy—more love for each other and the cause—and to these woman will turn—in these will she labor—and while she will, by her presence and counsel, aid and strengthen the brothers, she will at the same time find herself strengthened for every good work, and ennobled by the confidence and trust reposed in her by those by whom she is surrounded.

That they may guard against any difficulty by the women claiming a part with them, the Sons have gone so far, it seems, as to say what kind of women they are willing to admit as "visiting members." Mr. Bailey says they do not want any "strong-minded women"—that "happily the National Division was not fishing for that portion of the fair sex." Of course, with such restrictions, only the *weak*-minded need apply for admission, as only such can pass the ordeal of the ball-ballot and be "welcomed to the secrets of the Order." To all such Mr. Bailey and the National Division are welcome. They will find them submissive tools in their hands, and need not fear their ever shocking John Chambers' or Gen. Carey's sense of propriety, or giving the least uneasiness to the rumseller lest his craft should be in danger.

We are glad to know that the genuine temperance women—the real workers in the cause, view the action of the National Division in this matter very much in the same light as we do. Among these we are happy to find Emma Brown of the Cayuga *Chief*. Though a warm friend and admirer of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, she disapproves the action of the National Division, and declares that she could not join any society on such conditions. How does Mr. Bailey relish Emma's having joined the "strong minded" on this subject? He is a particular friend of hers and must feel bad to learn that she is not weak-minded enough to be caught with chaff.

Since writing the above, "The Women's Temperance Paper" for August has come to hand, from which we learn that Mrs. Vaughan also disapproves of women accepting membership with the Sons under the rule fixed by the National Division. We are glad to find her among the 'strong minded."

Sister Fish, we are sorry to learn, has asked to be admitted as a "visiting member." This of course will be taken as evidence that she is not of the "strong minded," and that she will submit cheerfully to the rule which says she "shall not not be entitled to speak or vote." She doubtless will be "welcomed to all the secrets of the Order." We wish her a good time of it.

An Awful Record.

Our eye fell upon a page in the New York *Times* a few days since, headed "New York Murders," and truly a most appalling list followed. The first one detailed was the killing of Col. Loring of California, by Dr. Graham of New-Orleans. The act appeared to be wholly without provocation, and no other cause could be assigned for its commission, than the fact that the murderer was intoxicated. The parties occupied, with their wives, adjoining rooms at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and were entire strangers to each other. Graham had been on a spree the day previous, and at about five o'clock in the morning arose and began to ring a bell violently, to the great annoyance of the other boarders. Loring arose and requested him to desist, but the request being refused he passed down to the office to procure assistance. On his return he was met by Graham at the head of the stairs with a sword or dagger, which he immediately plunged into Loring's body, killing him instantly. Graham was arrested and confined in the Tombs. In what a terrible situation are the wives of these two men left—one the widow of a murdered man, and the other the wife of the murderer! We hardly know which is most deserving of pity.

The second case was that of the wife of an Irishman named Myers, who was so badly beaten by her husband, that she died the following day. He was, of course, intoxicated.

The third case was the murder of a child by its father, and attempted murder of the mother. In this case the perpetrator was J. N. T. Tucker, of Brooklyn, editor of a Daily paper in that city, and a man of considerable literary ability. In a state of intoxication, and while laboring under a partial attack of *delirium tremens*, he entered his wife's bed-room, and after drinking off a large draught of brandy, deliberately cut his child's throat, a little girl of three years of age lying in a cradle. His wife immediately sprang to her child's rescue, but too late, He then attacked her, inflicting some half dozen cuts with the razor upon her neck and shoulders, and it is truly wonderful that she escaped with life. Tucker, when sober, is said to have been a kind husband and father, an inoffensive man, and it was the demon of strong drink alone that could have incited him to the commission of the awful deed.

The above are but specimens of the awful crimes that are almost daily committed in all parts of the country by those under the influence of intoxicating drinks. When will men be willing to cast this terrible scourge from them! when will our rulers listen to the cries of the people and devote this awful fountain of crime and misery to perpetual destruction?

DRESS.

We have on hand several letters from different writers, filled with complaints about their not being permitted to wear in peace such style of dress as they deem best adapted to their comfort and needs. As these letters would not possess any interest to the majority of our readers, we must decline publishing. They would be of no benefit to any one if made public.

The subject of female costume, practically and physiologically considered, would find a ready hearing through our columns. That we regard it as one of great importance is already well known, and no communications would be more acceptable to us than those treating on this subject, if well written. But letters of *complaint* merely, amount to nothing, except to disgust and excite to greater ridicule. Our experience leads us to believe that any and every woman may wear short skirts and trousers if she pleases, without molestation. If they have a consciousness of right, and will just pursue the even tenor of their way without stopping to notice either frowns or sneers, they will have but little difficulty. If "denied a seat in the carriage of brother and friends," let them manifest their independence by a quiet dignity of manner, and either get a carriage for themselves, go on foot, or stay at home. If "forbidden to enter the holy sanctuary clad in habiliments so *indecent*," let them shake off the dust from their feet against a sanctuary so hypocritical and ungodly, and worship God and study his word in the more holy sanctuary of their own homes. Such worship would be far more acceptable than that of the fashionable, worldly-minded preacher, and the still more fashionable and worldly people who deny the simply attired believer a place in the gorgeous temple they have reared and dedicated to the worship of God.

We may not be capable of sympathizing with those women who complain of ill treatment on account of their dress, as we have never experienced any thing of the kind. Our right to a seat in a carriage or cars has never been disputed. Our right to a seat in church has never been called in question. Our pastor has never discovered that it was his duty to bid us stay away, or to preach a sermon on the proper length of women's "petticoats," for our especial benefit. Our friends have never shown us that they felt themselves disgraced or contaminated by association with us. In short, we have found our way as clear and unobstructed, and have been treated with as great respect and cordial good feeling since donning the short skirts as when we were trammelled with long ones. In the street, in all public and private conveyances, in the best class hotels, in the parlors of the wealthy and fashionable, as well as in the humble dwellings of the poorer and plainer, though not less worthy, we have ever met with respect and attention. And we know of others whose experience has been the same as ours. This being the case, we cannot understand how it is that others should suffer so much; nor are we prepared to advise as to the best course for them to pursue. But as we said before, parading their complaints of persecution before the public we are convinced is not the better way. If the people among whom they reside are so little-souled and ill-bred as to treat them disrespectfully and unkindly they will only be prompted to greater meanness by such notice of their actions.

Our counsel to every woman is, wear what pleases you best—pursue a quiet and independent course in the matter, turning neither to the right or the left to enquire who is pleased or displeased—and if others do not see fit to keep you company by patterning their dress after yours, you will at least be left in the peaceable enjoyment of your own comfortable attire; and real friends will value you according to your worth, and not according to the length of your train.

Temperance in Congress.

Gerritt Smith made an excellent speech in Congress in favor of temperance, which although ridiculed at first attracted great attention before its close. He moved an amendment to prohibit intoxicating liquors in the Army and Navy, which at first was adopted by a vote of 71 to 50; but this vote was afterwards re-considered and when again taken stood 80 ayes to 80 nays. The Speaker gave his casting vote in the negative This shows a stronger feeling in Congress in favor of temperance than we had supposed to exist. Mr. Sapp of this city voted for Mr. Smith's motion.

☞Many of our poetical friends will be disappointed by not seeing their "verses" in print. Many pieces sent us are unworthy; others would appear had we room. Out of the abundance sent us we must select the best, and commit the remainder to the flames. From the mass now on hand we have marked the following as accepted:

"The Philosopher's Scales," "When to Work," "Lines to a Sister," "Nature's Teachings," "A Petition to our Rulers," "The Children's Appeal," "To The Early Loved and Lost," "The Early Called,' "Life." Some of these have been lying on our hands for months awaiting a place. Two or three pieces are objectionable on account of their length, and all may never appear.

☞President Pierce was pelted with eggs by a company of drunken men on the steps of the National Capitol a short time since. Wonder if his Excellency is in favor of a Maine Law in Washington?

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE.

The Fifth Annual Announcement of the Female Medical College of Pennsylvania is on our table. We learn from it that the College is in a prosperous condition, and that it is gradually extending its influence and usefulness. Great success has attended the Graduates of the Institution who have been engaged in practice, the receipts of several, for their first year's practice, having been over *one thousand dollars*. Seme have been engaged in public lecturing on Physiology, Hygieine, &c., and have realized from fifty to a hundred dollars a week. The number of students for the year 1853–4 was thirty. On the 25th of February the degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred, by the President, Professor Charles D. Cleveland, on the following ladies:

Elizabeth H. Bates, N. Y., Lucinda R. Brown, Texas, Minnie Elliger, Pa., Elizabeth G. Shattuck, Pa.

The facilities afforded by this Institution for acquiring a thorough knowledge of the Profession are unsurpassed by any Medical College in the country.

The fifth Annual session will commence on Saturday Sept. 30 1854, and continue twenty-three weeks. Persons desirous of further information may apply personally or by letter to

DAVID J. JOHNSON,
Dean of the Faculty, 229 Arc St.h Philadelphia.

I. O. OF G. T.

Crystal Fount Lodge.—This new lodge of Good Templars, located at Chesterville, O., was instituted Aug. 8th, by D. C. Bloomer, D. G. W. C. T., with 26 Charter members.

The following were elected officers for the present term:

D. Reece, W. C. T., Lucy Mitchel, W. V. T., S. A. Connolly, W. S., Miss A. Powell, W. T., Emma Mitchel, I. G., A. O. Shur, O. G., Wm. Mitchel, P. W. C. T.

A company consisting of about twenty brothers and sisters of Star of Hope Lodge, of this city, visited Chesterville, on the occasion of instituting Crystal Fount Lodge. The day was cool and delightful, the country peculiarly attractive and the company agreeable, and all together contributed to make the carriage ride of fourteen miles through a rich farming country a more than usually pleasant one. The full moon in magnificent beauty looked in upon us on the homeward trip, and was a lamp to guide the feet of the noble steeds that brought us all in safety to our own doors. The only drawback to *our* enjoyment on this occasion was a severe attack of one of those terrible headaches which have so marred the happiness of our life, and which by the time of our return completely prostrated us and rendered us an unfit companion for the pleasant friends who bore us company.

Chesterville is a pleasant little village, and we judge that it numbers among its inhabitants many true-hearted reformers. We shall expect to hear good tidings of the band of Good Templars there, and we doubt not their influence on community will be happy and beneficial.

Star of Hope Lodge.—The following are elected officers of this Lodge for the present term:

Mrs. Amanda Clark, W. C. T., M. C, Furlong, W. V. T., Charles C. Curtis, W. S., Mrs. L. Mattison, W. T., Henry Bixby, O. G., Wm. Furlong, I. G., Charlotte W. Lundy, W. M., Mrs. Houghton, W. C., E. Devoe, F. S.

As will be seen by the above, the Good Templars of this city have elected a woman as their Chief. A woman also fills the office of Chaplain. The Lodge at Mt. Liberty has also chosen a woman as presiding officer. This speaks well for the liberality of the brothers, and shows that they have no fears of the sisters getting out of their sphere, or creating disturbance in meeting by too much talking. This Lodge now has over one hundred members.

Lily Lodge, Greensboro, Ind.—By a private letter from the P. W. C. T., we learn that this Lodge which we instituted three months ago with nineteen members, now numbers *seventy-two*.

The Order takes well with the people, and so far as we know, gives general satisfaction wherever introduced. There will probably be a Grand Lodge organized both in this State and Indiana in the course of a few months.

Acknowledgments.—Letters containing money for The Lily have been received from the following persons since our last number was issued:

Phebe M. Gifford, H. W. Morse, W. A. Harrinton, W. Kennon, M. H. Russell, Laura Weeks, Henry Macomber, A. & E. Marsh, Jane A. McArthur, D. Parker, E. M. Griffing, Edinburgh Ind., E. H. Smith, J. C. Purdy, Jerusha Hartley, Wm. W. Potter, Isabella A. Ellwood.

Exertions are being made in Massachusetts to establish a State Reform School for girls. There is one for boys already in successful operation.

State Temperance Convention.

The committees of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, and of the Grand Divisions of Sons of Temperance of Eastern and Western N. Y., appointed for that purpose, have issued a call for a State Temperance Convention to be held in the city of Auburn, on Wednesday, the 27th of September next, "to take into consideration the present exigencies of the cause;" and to decide upon the course which may render the suffrages of voters the most effective in obtaining the right kind of legislation in regard to a prohibitory liquor law. Each Assembly District will be represented by four delegates duly chosen by the friends of prohibition in each District.

The day following, at the same place, a Mass Meeting will assemble, which will be addressed by prominent Temperance speakers of that and other States. It is hoped and expected that both conventions will be largely attended.

OFF HAND TAKINGS, or CRAYON SKETCHES of the noticeable men of our age. By GEORGE W. BUNGAY. Embellished with nineteen engravings. De Witt & Davenport, Publishers, N. Y.

Our old friend Bungay has here given us a most entertaining book. It contains real life-like sketches of some fifty of the most noticeable men of the present day who have achieved eminence in the literary, religious or political world. They are pleasantly written, in the chatty, lively, entertaining style of which the Author is so perfect a master, and which made his Temperance lectures, when we heard him years ago, so interesting. The Publishers have got up the work in elegant style, andthe portraits alone are worth the whole price of the book, which is $1,25. It contains more than 400 pages, printed with beautiful type, on fine white paper, and substantially bound. It is for sale at WHITES' bookstore in this city.

From the Indiana Free Democrat.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

Woman who art thou, and what is thy mission here below? Art thou come to trammel the soul of man and bind it to the things of earth? to hold him back from the high aims of ambition? to debase and degrade him? Dids't thou come to pluck and eat of the forbidden fruit and leave a never ending inheritance of sin to all future generations? Is it thy calling on earth to follow pride and vanity and bow to glorious fashion's glittering, empty shrine? to make vice thy companion? to drink from the wine-cup its maddening beverage, and not alone drink thyself, but press it to the lips of thy husband and friend, and to plant thorns in the pathway of thy fellow-beings, and goad their sorrowing, weary spirits still deeper? Is this thy mission? If so, better were it that thou hadst not come, and then this world might have been a paradise.

But such it is not. 'Tis true that through thy weakness sin entered into the world; but shalt hou forever bow thy head in the dust, and seek not to regain that angelic place from whence thou hast fallen? Though in that fall thy sinless heart was lost, yet thou mayest possess it again through the merits of a dying Jesus, and present it an acceptable sacrifice to the Father.

Then, Woman, look up, for in thy hands is the power to make earth a Paradise, that would even be lonely without thy smile. Even as thou wast the last to linger near thy dying Redeemer, and first to visit His tomb, so shalt thou, if faithful unto the end, be the first to receive the plaudit, "Thou hast finished the work which I gave thee to do."

O Woman, knowest thou the powers thou canst wield for good or evil, and what great work thou hast come to fulfill? Methinks not; or else the wail of sorrow which is borne on every breath throughout the universe, would not be so bitter and deep. O Woman, hast thou closed thine eyes and ears, and hardened thy heart, that thou canst not see and feel? Does not the true woman's heart sometimes tell thee what thou doest, do with thy might; and rouse thee from the death-like lethargy to a sense of high and holy duty? Aye, 'tis even so. Thou mayest join in the "mazy dance," and "trip the light fantastic toe"—braid those shining tresses with pearls, array that beauteous form in the "fine linen" bartered even in the great city, Babylon; but forever sounding in my ears are the prophetic words, "Come out of her, my people." Thou mayest bind the diamond, and wreathe the fairest flowers about thy brow, make thy ruby lips rubier, and bright eyes brighter with the glowing wine, but thou rememberest the warning, "Look not on the wine when it is red." Thou mayest wander about with languid step, and dream away a life of idleness, but thou forgettest not that "Wo is to them that are at ease in Zion." Thou goest onward in the giddy round of pleasure, yet rememberest not him to whom thou wast given as a help-meet, and whom thou didst promise to love and honor. O, Woman, how long wilt thou turn aside from duty! how long forbear to go forth and do his bidding, who died to save thee from the depth of darkness and sin into which thou hast fallen! how long ere tho'lt bind up the broken and bleeding hearts and clothe thyself with the garb of mercy so befitting thy station!

Lay aside thy gaudy trappings, and thy weakness, for ere long the shroud-folds will fall around thee, and in the cold dark grave there is no device; the death-angel is terrible. 'Tis time thou shouldst arise and arm thyself for the conflict; this glad day is even now dawning, for thou art arising. From the east, the west, and the north, comes the voice, "*Reform;*" and it will soon be echoed back by the sunny south, that land of idleness and pleasure, for true hearts are there and when they know the right, will do it. Woman will then rise to her proper sphere, and her soul, which has been so long bound down by iron custom, shall rise on its strong spirit-wings to be bound no more. Then, with properly cultivated intellect, and pure religion, she will be fitted to fill the station of wife, mother, sister and friend. As a true mother, that holiest office given to mortals—she will be enabled to mould that immortal spirit for the stern duties of life, and weave that "little coat" of finest texture, of purest white, which will be worn at the marriage supper of the Lamb.

Then with true modesty she may go abroad preaching and teaching in the synagogues, following the footsteps of Him who wore the crown of thorns, and bade her follow; and blessings and peace shall be about her.

Hasten then, O Woman, to gird on the garment of light, and go forth in the harvest field of thy God, and gather souls for His garner. Go forth and plead with the inebriate: go plead for the oppressed slave and bid his shackles fall; go, and no longer slight Christ in the person of His poor, but take the toil hardened hand in thine own, and point his dark soul away from earthly sorrow.

Do these things, O Woman, for 'tis thy right and duty; thus shalt thou indeed prove a ministering angel; thy pathway to heaven one eternal sunbeam of light; thy harp more sweetly strung for its shining courts, thy crown of purest gold, seven times refined, and studded with souls redeemed, and not last or least on thee shall rest the smiles of thy God. LAURA P. HAMILTON.

LOCUST GROVE, KY., Feb. 25, 1854.

CONVENTION IN PHILADELPHIA.

In accordance with a vote passed at the adjournment of the WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION held in Cleveland, Ohio, in October 1853—the fifth Annual National Convention will be held in Philadelphia, commencing on the 18th of October, and continuing through the two succeeding days.

The subjects which will come under discussion in this Convention, as in the preceeding ones, will be the EQUAL RIGHTS of WOMAN, to all the advantages of *Education, Literary, Scientific, and Artistic;* to full equality in all *business avocations and industrial pursuits, commercial and professional;* briefly all the RIGHTS which may pertain to her as a *citizen, religious, civil and political.*

The wide range of subjects for discussion can scarcely fail of awakening the attention of all classes, to our aims and objects; hence we invite all persons, irrespective of sex, to take part in the deliberations of the Convention, and thus contribute to the progress of truth and the redemption of humanity.

Signed on behalf of the Central Committee:

PAULINA W. DAVIS, President.

ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, Secretary.

Editors of exchanges are requested to copy this notice, and to call attention to it.

Grand Union Daughters of Temperance, of Ohio.

Preamble and Resolutions

Adopted at a Public Meeting of the Grand Union Daughters of Temperance, held at Columbus, July 19th, 1854.

PREAMBLE.

WHEREAS, Intemperance is an evil of transcendant magnitude, the ravages of which are confined to no age, sex, or condition—that moral pollution, disease, and death are its ordinary concomitants—that its effect upon individual man is to transform the beauty of youth into deformity—to change the strength of ripened manhood into weakness—convert the wisdom of age into folly—and uproot all principles of love and purity, which ever cluster around a Christian's heart—and plants unholy, demoniac passions in their place; but also diffuses its subtle poison through all the channels of social life—increasing in its destructive power as it flows along, until it completely withers and blasts everything that is good in society, therefore

Resolved, That we, as wives, mothers, sisters and daughters, cherish a deep and abiding interest in the cause of Temperance, and will contiuue to exert whatever influence we may possess, to discourage the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage, and to banish the manufacture and traffic of it, for such a purpose, from our beloved country.

Resolved, That it is the especial duty of all true Temperance women, to be active and earnest in their endeavors to induce all whom they can influence to vote for no one to fill official stations who is not known to be, both in theory and practice, a friend to total abstinence, and who is not committed in favor of a strictly "prohibitory liquor law."

Resolved, That those Judges and Legislators who have arrayed themselves against the Temperance law of this State, have proven themselves by this act, unfit for the stations they occupy; they have manifested a greater willingness to yield to the demands of a depraved appetite, and the rum power, than to the requirements of truth and justice; are properly the objects of our abhorrence, and that we should on all occasions deport ourselves towards them accordingly.

Resolved, That while we gratefully recollect the self-sacrificing labors of those noble Philanthropists and Patriots, by whom the cause of Temperance has been so much advanced, we believe the time has fully arrived when women sho'd take the public platform of discussion, and assist their brethren in advocating this glorious cause; and that we urgently press upon our sisters to prepare themselves for this new service, believing that it would not only be right and proper in itself, but that it is indispensably necessary to success.

Resolved, That the course pursued by General CARRY, in relation to the Temperance Law of Ohio, has tended to aid and comfort the enemy; and that by his labors to bring the law into disrepute, he has forfeited all claims to be regarded a sa safe Temperance leader, and to the appellation of the *Father Matthew of the West.*

MARY C. GOULD, *President.*

MARY COOPER, *Secretary.*

—Eight girls are regularly employed as compositors in the Cincinnati Gazette office, and the same number in the office of the Pittsburg Journal.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mrs. Bloomer:—My last protracted communication was an attempt at exposure, to deserved indignation, an inflexible feudal *fallacy*, which has for centuries annihilated the legal, and political, or social existence of woman. Before I shall have dismissed that grievance, in its effects most fatal on humanity, allow me briefly to present a parallel case, similar as to origin and consequences. I allude to doctrines judicially promulgated in law-reports, and "damn'd to everlasting fame" by Mrs. Stowe, in her eleventh *key*-chapter, page 70, &c., from which appears that in God's image, breathing the breath of life, endowed with organs of speech, and human hand, and immortal soul, is no *personal* existence; because what otherwise would have been such, was, by *might*, making tyrants' right, merged in some master's being, or sunk into a chattel. So we perceive that denial of independent legal existence to woman has been, as with Africo-American slavery, the Ultima Thule of absolutism. Another resemblance should be noted. The *key* above cited, for precedent, not principle, proves that when a female fugitive slave, captured in Captain Drayton's Schooner, Pearl was driven, amid taunts and jeers, through the Capital of an inimitable "model-republic," she was mockingly asked, perhaps by her owr sex and color, if she "didn't feel pretty to be caught *running away!*" Masters had taught to their miserable slaves that lesson of scorn, meanness, and inhumanity. So now, even in what are called, or rather mis-named, civilized communities, if a woman knows the rights of her sex, and "knowing, dare maintain them," not by physical force, but by mental and moral persuasion, a short-sighted majority of our own countrywomen point at her the index-finger of scorn, and sneeringly answer her womanly appeal with that rowdy exclamation of John Chambers, who however had the grace to deny it, "shame on the woman!" The lady (reverend, although young,) to whom that insolence was addressed, is habitually gentle, sensitive, forbearing, unassuming, and modest almost to bashfulness; but rendered, by moral courage, sense of duty, and appreciation of her unsought, prominent position, self-possessed and patient, yet persevering. Bigotry too has basely abused Mrs. Rose, than whom a more magnanimous, conscientious, kind-hearted and courteous person never breathed the breath of life, devoted by her to ceaseless industry and long-suffering, and with intensity of feeling, and extraordinary talent, aye more, with eagle-soaring *genius*, and effective, fervid, oriental, yet chaste and logical eloquence. But I must forbear, because pressing on my memory, from association of ideas, are many names of *such* women, whose manners, and morals, and minds manifest an order of being far higher than at most do half of those self-styled "lords of creation," selfish, egotistical and arrogant, in whose existence that of their wives is, by foolery of an absurd fiction, supposed to have been merged. Wherefore, *unmarried* women are like *free* Africans ruined by *white* traffickers in rum-poison, and its delirium tremens death, deemed a degraded race. They would also be demoralized but for inherent, unyielding, self-sustaining, heart-entrenched virtue, which can no more (to use Caleb Cushing's *Quotem* phrase) be "crushed out," than can sympathy for human rights be expelled from its time-honored home, Faneuil Hall. May woman no longer (unlike Kossuth) mistake for *peace* that oppression, which, while it proverbially maketh even "a wise *man* mad," chasteneth her meeker spirit for the long-suffering of life. Nevertheless she may never submit to that kind of sex-caste and subordination which may properly reign with order in Warsaw, but should not be tolerated in the "land that Freedom *calls* her own," and will reclaim. Agitation alone can elevate woman, in her earthly pilgrimage, from "the slough of despond," to nature's and reason's equality in society, which must become pure before it can be peaceable. Human life will thus be converted from fleeting fiction into "fixed fact." Then, and not till then, will woman stand in better and more becoming social position than her predecessors have ever occupied. Thenceforth she will engage, according to the dictates of her individual judgement, taste, and conscience, in pursuit, not of *fugitive slaves*, nor of transitory pleasures, but in search for subjects of benevolence, and be rewarded with enduring happiness.

Lucy Lichen.

Harriet Beecher Stowe, in a letter to the *National Era*, gives a very interesting report of the celebration of the Fourth of July, at East Livermore—a celebration got up by the temperance and anti-slavery women of that region. Mrs. Stowe says:

"The women of Maine, as a class, are going before us all. People wonder how it was that the Maine Law was carried, and why it is that it is better enforced there than in any other State. The reason is obvious—the women did it. The women, all over Maine, were marshalled into bands, with regular officers, corresdonding with each other—the women were the electric wires on which the movement flashed all through the State Since the passage of the Nebraska bill has shown the North the necessity of efficient movement against slavery, the women have organized, in the same manner, bands of freedom. Freedom and temperance are united. Slavery and rum are to be resisted by the same organizations and the same weapons."

She gives a vivid description of some of the incidents of the celebration:

"Among the vehicles was one which certainly claimed the merit of originality. It was a long rough, broad car, drawn by six oxen, shaded by an awning of leaves, and decorated with flags. In this primitive vehicle were seated about forty people—men, women, and children—chatting, laughing, and occasionally breaking out into liberty songs. After stopping at a farm-house to take some refreshment we proceeded to the ground. Here he found a platform erected, garlanded with wreaths of oak leaves, and bearing the various flags and cognizances of the Liberty and Temperance leagues. Over the entrance to the grove was hung a white flag, wreathed with black crape, displaying black stars and the inscription:

'The deed is done!'

"The effect of such outward symbols is very great. I presume not one of that crowd saw that flag for the first time without a new and vivid sense of the appalling fact that it alluded to. Such an one ought to be displayed over the door of every Northern assembly. Just as Darius used to make his cup-bearer every day cry aloud at dinner, 'Remember the burning of Jardis,' so ought New England everywhere, to hold up in visible shape, before the eyes of the people, this outrage.

"Such a vast gathering as this in this lonely, sequestered region, afar from the attractions of any city or settlement, is an indication of the surging of an unprecedented feeling. 'What went ye out into the wilderness to see?' Not spires and domes, not theatres and fire-works, not to spend the much abused anniversary in senseless revellings, but with deep and manly thoroughness to consider and understand the present crisis in our country's welfare. The presence of so many farmers in the very midst of the haying season is an indication of an aroused feeling transcending all former ones. A gentleman told us that the audience was convened from the very remotest parts of the State, and that some have come hundreds of miles. It seemed meet that in so awful a season as this in our country's history, men should forsake the man-made cities, and go forth, as of old, into the wilderness—the free, bold, beautiful wilderness—where everything speaks of freedom and of God

"The clergy of Maine are understood to stand in the very front ranks in the movement that is now making. In fact, on one side is the Bible, the alter, the minister, the wife, the mother, the sister, the whole sober and temperate community; and, on the other, the Adminis ration men, and the supporters of grog-shops. So stands the cause in Maine, and who can donbt which shall succeed?"

A Righteous Sentence.—A liquor dealer in Cleveland was fined on Friday, fifty dollars and costs of suit, ten dollars, for persisting in selling rum to a little girl, to be drank by her mother. The trial developed, as may be imagined, a painful scene of woe and sadness.

WOED AND WON.

"Div me just a little piece of b.ead. mamma! Please, dear mamma, and baby will be so good! Baby hundry—baby so hundry—no b'ead so lon' time! P'ease div baby a little!"

"O, God, it is too much!" and Kathleen threw down her work, already stained with tears and caught her famished child to her heart. Time was when Kathleen had never known want—when her little foot sank half-buried in rich carpets, when her delicate form reclined on velvet and down, and her fastidious taste was pampered by viands the rarest and most costly. Then there was a broad strong breast for Kathleen to rest upon, and a voice which called her, many times every day, "Kate, my life's star, my darling!"

But he had died—died with his head upon her bosom; and she had seen the sod piled above his breast, and turned away a stricken, lonely woman, clasping Winnie to her heart. Then came ruthless creditors, whose rights she never dared to question, and swept away from her, her fair home, and even the treasured bridal tokens given her by the friends of her own orphan childhood. Kathleen was destitute. Those who had courted her society of old—who would have given a small fortune to be invited to her parties, or take an airing in her carriage—swept by her now on the other side. But one old man, rich and influential, one who had sought to gain her hand before she had given it to Harry, renewed his offer now, and still in vain. She had buried her heart, she said, in Harry's grave, and she should die if she could not be true to his memory. O, how wearily had toiled those fingers, unused to labor! and still her scanty pittance could not procure the little Winnie bread, and still the hunger-fiend was gnawing at her own vitals.

She strained the little one to her bursting heart. "Mother will give Winnie bread pretty soon, darling, if she has to beg it."

There was a step upon the stair, and the old man entered.

"What! your child, Kathleen, wailing for bread! That must not be! If you will not be the old man's wife, you must be his child; come to my house, Katie, for I am very desolate. I will take care of you and Winnie—you shall never want more."

"B'ead, mamma, p'ease div Winnie some b'ead," broke in the infant's wailing cry, and, raising her dark eyes to Heaven, Kathleen made answer:

"I have no right, Mr. Green, to accept your generosity, without making you some equivalent. My heart is dead, buried with Harry; but, if my hand, with my esteem, and my unswerving truth and gratitude, can make you happy, you shall have it. Harry will forgive me, when he knows it is for his child's sake I do it."

And thus it was that Kathleen became the old man's darling, and the world said she had forgotten and was happy. But she bore the same resemblance to the Kathleen of old, as does a marble statue to the model after which it is chiseled. Sometimes, in her hours of solitude, she would clasp her child to her heart, and weep and sob like an anguished woman; but, in society, no statue could have been colder or prouder. Every one said Mrs. Green was more beautiful than ever, but there seemed a kind of mystery about her. No one dared to address her as of old, and yet every one sought her society. The throbbings of her proud, true heart were bound down with folds of silk and velvet, and the gems which glittered in her hair were not colder or brighter than her cold proud eyes. But the world did not see her in her hours of lonely anguish. They could not share her lonely vigils, kneeling at the foot of the cross; or know how sweet was the release, when the kiss of the death-angel froze the smile upon her lips.

Ellen Louise Chandler.

Girls Setting Type.—The Toronto *Globe* states that, owing to the recent strike among printers, four young women are now setting type on that journal; and that they learn the mysteries of the art with great aptness. In several sections of the country, girls are making fine wages.

Written for The Flag of our Union.

WOMAN'S LOT.

BY D. HARDY, JR.

O, do not say that woman's lot
Is one that's sad and weary;
Her mission here on earth is not
A mission lone and dreary.

O, do not say that woman treads
A path of endless sorrow;
For Hope her rosy pinions spreads,
And speaks of joy to-morrow.

What is the lot—what is the sphere
To her in kindness given?
That she should, while sojourning here,
Make home a little heaven.

Can it be hard to trim the hearth,
For loved ones home returning?
"To waken songs of harmless mirth,
When winter fires are burning?"

It is not hard for her to speak
In tones of love and gladness;
And with a smile upon her cheek,
To soothe the brow of sadness.

It is not hard for her to spread
Our pathway here with roses;
To kindly watch beside the bed,
Where some loved one reposes.

It is not hard to point the soul
To paths that lead to heaven;
Where sorrow's wavelets never roll,
But endless joy is given.

Then say no more that woman's lot
Is one that's sad and dreary;
Her mission here on earth cannot
Be one that's lone and dreary.

For The Lily.

WOMAN'S LOT,
Or, the Reverse of the Picture.

BY MRS. P. FARMER.

O, I *do* say that woman's lot
Is one that's sad and dreary;
When she a worthless husband's got,
To scold when she is weary.

O, I *do* say that woman treads
A path of endless sorrow:
When want a meagre table spreads
With food she's forced to borrow.

What is the lot—what is the sphere,
To her, by *mankind* given?
To toil submissively while here,
And only rest in heaven.

Yes, it is hard the hearth to trim,
When wood there's none for burning:
Or for a man who staggers in,
His home to bedlam turning.

And it is hard for her to speak
In tones of love and gladness;
When fear and horror pales the cheek
And fills her heart with sadness.

And hard, when she has none, to spread
Man's pathway here with roses;
Or watch beside a sheetless bed,
Where a vile bloat reposes.

'Tis hard to fit the soul for heaven,
That's schooled in hell below;
Where every earthly thought is given
To pain and toil and wo.

And woman's lot will ever be
A life of care and weeping;
While all her wealth and liberty
Are held in some men's keeping.

CHARLESTON, MASS.

LADY EQUESTRIANS.—A splendid white saddle mare, valued at $200, will be awarded to the best lady horseback rider, at the ensuing Columbiana County Fair, to be held in New Lisbon in September. The animal is a donation from a number of gentlemen from Pittsburgh, formerly residents of Columbiana County.

STATE FAIR GROUNDS.

A correspondent of the Daily Philadelphia *Register*, writing from this city, after giving a fine description of the Odd Fellow's Celebration at Newark, makes the following allusion to the State Fair and its grounds:—

During the day, a large number of those attending the celebration, visited the mounds and other remains of ancient works lying in its vicinity. These remarkable specimens of ancient industry, lie about one mile west of the town, and altogether cover an extent of near two miles square. They are situated upon a high fertile plain, and the larger enclosures are connected by parallels and works of a minor character, which have been so much worn by time, that many of them do not exceed four feet in height. I had only time to visit one of these enclosures situated nearest to the town. On approaching it, I found myself in a gateway some 45 feet in width, between the ditches on either side, whilst upon my right and left arose two colossal mounds 30 feet in height, on the top of which are growing large forest trees. Before me appeared a large circular enclosure, containing near 30 acres of land, covered with a thick growth of native timber. Around this enclosure runs a high embankment of earth, with a deep ditch on the inside, the distance from the bottom of the ditch to the top of the bank being, I should judge, from 20 to 25 feet. Of course this height must have been much greater when originally constructed, as the bank has been continually washed down, and the ditch filled up, through the hundreds and perhaps thousands of years since the embankment was constructed. I ascended one of the mounds, guarding as it were the entrance, and walked around the enclosure. On the top of the embankment, is a pathway some four or five feet in width, forming a fine promenade, and affording an excellent view of the surrounding plains.—On its top I saw trees growing of all sizes up to three feet in diameter, showing the great length of time since the work had been constructed. The whole diameter of the work is 1,250 by 1,50 feet, being slightly in the form of an ellipe. The grounds enclosed are level with, the exceptions of a mound in the centre, which, as it appears to have been constructed in the form of an eagle, has been named the "Eagle Mound." It retains to this day a distinct outline of this bird, and measures from tip to tip of wings nearly 200 feet.—The long mound, constituting the body of the Eagle, has been opened, and upon examination it was found to have originally contained an altar. It is not known whether any other relics were found. It is of course, utterly impossible to say, when, or for what purpose these works were constructed. It is certain that they date back to a far distant period, and from the deep, and what must once have been an almost impassable ditch being on the *inside*, it has been thought that the enclosure which I have described, was more probably designed as a place of confinement for prisoners within, than of defence from the attacks of enemies from without.—Here, it may be, the prisoners captured in war were first confined, and then upon the mound and altar in the centre, offered up as human sacrifices to heathen deities! Could this mound tell its history, it may be, therefore, that it would relate deeds of horror at which the peaceful agriculturists who now cultivate these plains, would stand aghast.

The next Annual State Fair of the Ohio State Board of Agriculture is to be held in the grounds above described, and the enclosure is now being prepared for the purpose. Suitable buildings will be erected and every effort made, to make this annual gathering one of unusual interest. It is confidently expected that thousands, not only from this, but other states, will attend for the pnrpose of personally examining these remarkable works. Newark, is a point easy of access by Railroad and Canal, and the most extensive arrangements are making in that and the surrounding towns to accommodate the multitudes which may be expected to attend.—The Fair is to be held on the 19th, 20th, 21st and 22nd days of September.

Yours truly,
BUCKEYE.

LUCY STONE—WHERE BROUGHT UP.—We copy the following from a Boston paper: 'Partly in Warren and partly in West Brookfield, Mass., lies a good old hill, which was pointed out to us as we passed over the Western Railroad, Massachusetts, and half way up its eastern slope, whose elevation cost a good hour's walk among big rocks that most resemble little barns, lies the farm house of Francis Stone—a jolly well-to-do old farmer, of Puritan New England stamp, who made Coy's Hill his home in early manhood, and with a wife congenial in spirit, there brought up a family of seven, four of them still on earth, of whom one, Lucy, the world known Lucy Stone, is a younger member. With the kitchen-work for months, and an occasional out-door life, when the hay or grain might get a wetting, with picking chestnuts in the wood, and apples in the orchard, with driving up the cows and milking, with playing hull-gull and telling stories at the winter fire-side, and the thousand little toils and pleasures with brothers and sisters, of life at home, and six months yearly at a district school, where lessons were dispatched at a single reading, and the rest of the day left for play, Lucy past her earliest girl-hood.

Passing intermediate events—her struggle with dame fortune, who denied her a prize, while she gave her thirst for knowledge and the happiest way of communicating it—we will find her next standing, first in one of the best classes of Oberlin College, where she helped herself to teaching—and no one could satisfy her classes so well as Lucy, honored and loved and respected by students and Professors. The sequel up to the present, our readers know already, for since leaving Oberlin, some six years ago, her life has been in public.

Taking a first position in the work of general reform, teaching by example as well as precept, a woman of most attractive manner, both on and off the platform, with the persevering industry that merits high reward, she has won for herself a position in public estimation beyond the fear of criticism. The friends of school girl days say of her, 'I never met Lucy when she had not something interesting to say;' the reporters say, 'Lucy's speeches shall always find a place in our columns; and the best critics own, 'I have never anywhere, heard a speaker whose style of eloquence I more admire;' the pride of her acquaintances, the idol of the crowd, wherever she has gone the people *en masse* turned out to hear Lucy Stone nor are ever weary of her stirring eloquence.'